

The WARNING:
A
RELIGIOUS and DIVINE
P O E M
U P O N T H E

Contagious *Distemper* amongst the *Horned* CATTLE
of this Kingdom: Also touching the late *Rebel-*
lion, *Earthquakes*, and *Ominous Signs* and *Wonders*
in the Heavens; with some seasonable REMARKS
upon *False Teachers* and *Preachers* upon Earth, in
fundry Parts of *Great-Britain*, &c.

————— neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda JOVEM *ponere fulmina.*

HOR

O Tempora ! O Mores !

“Whoever thinks a faultless Piece to see,
“Thinks what ne’er was, nor is, nor e’er shall be.

P O P E

By JAMES BURTON, &

A Prisoner, in YORK Castle, for a small Debt.

Published for the BENEFIT *of the* AUTHOR.

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A
RELIGIOUS AND DIVINE
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CONGREGATION OF THE NEW YORK
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TO THE
 REVEREND *and* WORSHIPFUL
 John Fountayne, D. D.
 DEAN of YORK.

May it please Your Worship,

SINCE the most learned Authors have sought PATRONS to skreen their WRITINGS
 from

from Criticism ; so the Writer of these few Lines, being a Person who never attempted to appear in Print before, having, for near Forty Years past, been chiefly employ'd in Trade and Merchandize, both at Home and Abroad, has the greater Occasion for a most Learned, Pious and Candid PATRON : Wherefore I do, most humbly, presume to shelter my first weak Brood under Your Worship's Wings ; and, as I have no Books by me, if there be any Lines rememb'ed from Authors I have read, must intreat Your
Reverence,

DEDICATION. V

Reverence, and every candid Reader, to excuse expressing my own Sentiments in their Words, not being able to quote, or find better.

And as it is my chief Aim and Design, to admonish, if not instruct the more illiterate and unthinking Part of Mankind, of which this NATION, and all OTHERS, are chiefly composed; I do most humbly intreat YOUR WORSHIP's gracious Acceptance hereof, as the WILL for the DEED; which will ever be esteemed

vi **DEDICATION.**

esteemed the greatest Honour and
Satisfaction imaginable, to,

REVEREND SIR,

YORK Castle,
Feb. 27, 1752,

Your Worship's

Most Obedient

And Devoted

Humble Servant,

James Burton.



and

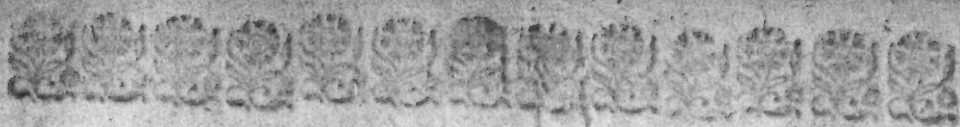
The Warning.

A Religious and Divine

P O E M

Upon the Contagious Distemper
amongst the Horned Cattle : Also
concerning the late Unnatural
Rebellion, Earthquakes, Omi-
nous Signs and Wonders, false
Teachers, and Preachers, &c.





The Warning.

A Religious and Divine

POEM

Upon the Contagious Dissemper
amongst the Horned Cattle; Also
concerning the late Unnatural
Rebellion, Earthquakes, Omi-
nous Signs and Wonders, false
Teachers, and Preachers, &c.





The Warning.

A WAKE *Britannia's* Sons from deadly Sleep,
 And for your Sins in mournful Sadness weep,
 Let Tears, repentant, wash your Sins away ;
 And humbly seek GOD's Mercies, while ye may,
 Now shew yourselves maturely wise. Behold !
 How the afflicted NINEVITES of old,
 Whose Vice, enormous, mov'd the Wrath of GOD
 To threaten Vengeance from his dreadful Rod,
 When *Jonah* his Commission had express'd,
 Their Charge acknowledg'd, and their Guilt confess'd,
 For Mercy cry'd to GOD, their Pray'rs were heard,
 And GOD's great Goodness their great City spar'd.

See how your chief Support, the CATTLE, fall !
 'Tis HEAV'N's great Warning and its mighty Call.
 For *You* each mourning BEAST a Victim dies !
 For *You*, what Thousands fall a Sacrifice ?
 A Sacrifice to GOD, not made by *You* !

But, by just Heav'n, ordain'd to make you bow.
 No Art, no Medicine, no human Skill,
 Avails to cure th' incorrigible ILL !
 Which, with resistless Rage, invades the Land ;
 Admits no Cure, but by the GIVER's Hand.
 Some of the Rich yet unconcern'd we see
 At human Woes, and Mankind's Misery,
 As much regardless of GOD's great Commands,
 In Christian Countries, as in Heathen Lands.
 To *Mammon's* Shrine each greedy Christian nods,
 As Heathens bow to Stocks and Stones, as Gods !
 His Cattle lost, the wretched Tenant stands,
 With down-cast Eyes, and supplicating Hands ;
 Implores

Implores his Landlord's Mercy (since hard Fate
 Has him reduc'd) to mitigate his Debt ;
 Declares, That all his Beasts are dead and gone,
 His Fam'ly ruin'd, and himself undone !
 The great Man swells : *Friend, I expect you'll pay :*
My Rent is due. So proudly stalks away.

Scarce six bleak Winters spoil'd Earth's flow'ry Smile,
 Since *Albion's* Sons invaded *Albion's* Isle ;
 Un-aw'd by Nature's Laws, or GOD's Command,
 They join with Strangers to destroy their Land :
 Foes to all Order, whom no Favours gain,
 No King can govern, and no Laws restrain :
 True *British* Hard-Heads, arm'd with strong Defence,
 Against all Batteries of common Sense !
 With loud Huzza's, they their Pretender bring
 To saddle *England* with a Popish King ;
 Who Rights and Priviledges safe proclaims
 To all, whose *Wisdom* owns the *Pope* and *James*.

Then

Then in the North collects the Rebel Clans ;
 Shod, and unshod, they march to *Preston-Pans*.
 A dreadful Gleam their Swords and Targets yield ;
 They scream'd at *Cope*, and drove him from the Field.
 At *Falkirk* next, it was poor *Hawley's* Fate,
 With bare Legs, and blew Bonnets, to be beat ;
 Elated with Success, the motley Band,
 Advancing, robb'd, and sh--t thro' half the Land !
 Some Places took, and Contributions rais'd ;
 And of their Cash th' unarmed *English* eas'd.
 Amaz'd at these odd Scenes, true *Britons* stand,
 'Till brave Duke *William* did their Troops command.
 At his Approach, far swifter than the Wind,
 The Rebels fly, scarce leave their Dirt behind,
 'Till, at *Culloden*, in their native Land,
 Their evil Genius prompted them to stand :
 Where, lo ! their pladd'd Prince, far in the Rear,
 His Troops commanded, too far off, to hear !

Whilst

Whilst *Britain's* valiant Prince, undaunted, spoke ;
 And issu'd his Commands in Fire and Smoke.
 True Son of *Mars*, the Rebels Scourge and Dread ;
 They try'd his Force, then turn'd their Backs, and fled.
 But, long before, their tow'ring Chief, who stood
 Far from the shocking Scene of Human Blood,
 With winged Speed, secur'd a safe Retreat ;
 He knew not but his Forces might be beat :
 So wisely judg'd it dangerous to stay,
 To see the dubious Event of the Day.
 Thus the BRAVE DUKE, by one decisive Stroke,
 Preserv'd his Country from the *Roman* Yoke ;
 Expell'd the base Pretender to the Crown,
 And sav'd *Old England's* Honour, and his Own.

Since all the Virtues, Mankind share below,
 From ample Nature's bounteous Father flow ;
 Britons ! adore His Great OMNIPOTENCE,
 Who Valour gave your Soldiers, and your Prince ;

You

You to preserve, from *Rome's* pernicious Schemes,
 Her Racks and Tortures, Slavery and Flames.
 See ! what strange Lands her Reverend Sons explore,
 What mighty Seas and Desarts they pass o'er !
 No Harms, or Hardships, Toils or Perils dread,
 The *Romish* Doctrine o'er the World to spread ;
 'Teach Men, that of Salvation there's no Hope,
 But by the holy Tenets of the Pope ;
 That sure Damnation is the Wretch's Doom,
 Who disbelieves th' unerring Church of *Rome* !
 For Modes of Faith they vig'rously contest ;
 Believe the Church ; the Church Belief is best !
 Virtue is good, and Vice must be amiss ;
 But that Faith damns you, and you're sav'd by this !
 Great Champions of Christ's Church, which to extend
 What Pains, what Pow'r they use with Foe and Friend ?
 Poyson, Racks, Tortures, Fire and Faggots join,
 To make the World in Popery combine.

Bless'd

Bless'd Zeal ! which, to the Church their Praise affords ;
 It makes the Laymen Slaves, and Priests their Lords ;
 Engross'd by Priests, the HOLY BIBLE stands
 Untouch'd, and undefil'd, by vulgar Hands !
 The Holy Writ, the Priests expounded first ;
 And who else reads it, by the Priests are curst !
 Retail'd, thro' their pure Hands, all Blessings come ;
 And all are damn'd or sav'd, as pleases Rome !
 Behold, what Crowds of Saints to Heav'n advance
 From *Portugal, Spain, Italy and France* ;
 Appointed by the *Romish* Church of late,
 For GOD ALMIGHTY's Ministers of State,
 See ! to these Saints the *Romish* Incense rise.
 See ! on these Saints all *Papists* fix their Eyes ;
 Who make th' OMNIPOTENT in Slumbers nod,
 And pay these Saints the Homage due to GOD !

But, lo ! *Enthusiasts* our Isle o'erspread ;
 Seem strong in Zeal, but impotent in Head.
Wh---field and *W--f--leys* their Self-Int'rest join,
 RELIGION from all Errors to refine.
 Great Mother *Ign'rance* lends her helping Hand,
 And Superstition maddens thro' the Land.
 The Mason quits his Tools, Stone and Cement ;
 The pious Drummer quits his Regiment.
 The Weaver quits his Loom, Cobler his Stall ;
 And out they rush, inspired Preachers all !
 Th' unthinking Mob, who true Discernment want,
 Gaze, captivated, by their pious Rant ;
 And that they may new Modes of Faith admit,
 Each doth his Share of common Reason quit !
 Their Doctrine all, is, Faith ; to Faith adhere ;
 Believe but this, Friends, and you cannot err.
 But what that saving Faith is, let us try :
 It's this, That CHRIST for all Mankind did die.

In That One Faith, the *Methodists* averr
 Salvation's sure, and that you cannot err !
 But if that Sacred BEING shed his Blood
 For all that wicked are, as well as good ;
 GOD's Mercies to the Wicked do extend :
 Hence Good and Bad have all one common End !
Satan, himself, GOD will to Grace receive :
 For *Devils* tremble, and on HIM believe.

Now, Source of REASON, grant one Beam of Light,
 To put the Mist of Ignorance to Flight :
 Let each Man's Heart, warm'd with that genial Ray,
 Discern the Light from Dark, the Night from Day.
 The Right, with Mind unprejudic'd, explore ;
 Reject those Errors he'd imbib'd before !
 And see how splendid TRUTH unerring shines,
 Transferr'd from CHRIST to *Matthew's* sacred Lines.

SERMON ! of SERMONS ! which to us was giv'n,
 To know what's due from Man, to Man and Heav'n.
 There the great Chain of Laws are plainly shov'd
 From Man, GOD's Creature, to the Creature's GOD.
 One gen'ral Law all Moral Laws contains :
Do as you would be done by. — What remains ?
 Nothing to Man. — But what to GOD is due,
 Whose Pow'r created, and supported you ?
 Praise and Thanksgiving, with pure Hearts and Hands,
 And strict Obedience to his great Commands.
 Modes of Religion, since the World began,
 Have varied, as much as Man from Man.
 In Contests fierce, Bigot with Bigot vy'd ;
 Pronounc'd their own Sects fav'd, all damn'd beside !
 Say, Wretch, what Reason can thy Pride assign,
 My Pray'rs to GOD are not as good as thine ?
 Is Mercy gain'd by copious Eloquence ?
 If so, none can be sav'd, but Men of Sense ?

Does He to One Set Form of Pray'r confine
 All Mankind ? then he's wrong who does not join.
 Does He his Goodness to one Sect restrain ?
 If so, the Virtue of the rest is vain ?
 No, all the Race of Man GOD's Child'ren are,
 And share alike his Goodness and his Care ;
 Unless, by foul Misdeeds, his Anger flow,
 Yet dreadful Wrath upon their Heads they draw.
 Blest will the *Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,*
 Be, if they've liv'd but up to what they knew :
 For Nature's Light doth Nature's GOD declare,
 Whom the same Light instructs all to revere.
 Reason, th' unerring Monitor, in Spight
 Of headstrong Man, will shew him Wrong from Right,
 Implanted in Man's Heart, by GOD's Commands,
 To combat his unruly Passions stands ;
 And all Religion, wrangle e'er so long,
 Is but pursuing Right, and stunning Wrong.

Thus

Thus, while in dark Suspences we are tofs'd,
 See ! direful Earthquakes next assail our Coast.
 Our great Metropolis the Signal took,
 And from its Centre evidently shook !
 The guilty Rich and Great made quick Retreat ;
 Each trembling flys unto his Country Seat ;
 As if Man could Heav'n's Vengeance thus clude,
 Their panick Fears a guilty Conscience shew'd :
 Which made the pious † Prelate give Advice,
 To live in City, but to leave their Vice.
 Altho' he wrote in moving Gospel-Strains,
 Yet straight some Libertine the Work arraigns,
 Proclaim'd himself as void of Grace as Brains.
 Where can we fly from GOD's vindictive Hand,
 Who has Heav'n, Earth and Seas at His Command ?
 All, from rude *Chaos*, by His Word was made ;
 And *Dissolution* comes, if once 'tis said,
 " *Let it be so !*" — as it was said at first ;
 Therefore let All in GOD still put their Trust ;
 † *Bishop of LONDON.* Repent

Repent of ev'ry Vice and Frailty past,
Will give Peace here, Eternal Bliss at last !

Now, as to Signs and Wonders from Above,
Ev'n *Heathens* would have tho't they came from *Jove*.
Why did the Clouds like crimson Blood appear !
Why did bright Streamers dart from ev'ry Sphere !
Why did the Heav'ns, after the SUN's Decline,
Expanded, for some Space, more splendid shine !
Why has the whirling Bolts of Heav'n so late
Brought Man and Beast to their untimely Fate !
What means the Blazing Star, and Comet late ?
All these forbode some sad impending Fate.
Let us not think such Threats proceed from nought ;
By them, be rather your Conviction wrought.
Such Things we read were prophecy'd of old,
And ev'n the like by CHRIST is plainly told :
Also, that such false Teachers should arise,
As we now hear and see with open Eyes.

Then

Then since they are already come to pass,
How can Man say, he sees but through a Glass ?

But when shall Reason's genial Beam unbind,
And loose the frozen Temper of the Mind ?
When active Faith, by no Dissention aw'd,
Pursuing all th' establish'd Laws of GOD,
Shall warm our Bosoms with one zealous Flame,
The same its Tenets, its Intent the same ?
Ah ! ne'er whilst Discord thus o'er spreads our Isle,
And Satan's Delegates our Minds beguile ;
While Brain-sick Fools in ev'ry Quarter teach,
(Madmen admonish, and Imposters preach ;
RELIGION's made a Prostitute to Sin,
A Gloss, to palliate the Fraud within :
Abandon'd Virtu: shakes her feeble Head ;
And Vice, exulting, governs in her stead !

Let Reason's Dictates now inform the Mind,
 Not to be led too impotently blind !
 To serious Judgment, let all hence appeal,
 And quit the Doctrine of fanatick Zeal !
 We need no further Instances of Woe,
 Than what th' Almighty's pleas'd of late to show.
 Let Prudence hence restrain each impious Deed,
 For which our crying Nation's forc'd to bleed,
 Lest, than our former Events, worse succeed !

Let Faith and Practice still go hand in hand,
 Your Passions rule with absolute Command :
 Then let Earth ope ; nay, Thunder rend the Skies ;
 Herds to Contagion fall a Sacrifice :
 The Virtuous Man, preserv'd by Heav'n's great Hand,
 Safe on the Wrecks of bursting Worlds shall stand ;
 Whose spotless Soul, stript of terrestrial Clay,
 Joyful, to its great Parent wings its Way ;

Who

Who Welcome gives it to the blest Abode ;

Angels, rejoicing, found the Praise to G O D !

Dear Sirs ! accept this Miniature you see

And pardon an Attempt, too bold, for me.

Believe your present, future Bliss, my View

And so I bid you all in CHRIST Adieu !

F I N I S

